

DARK HOLLOW

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, a wealthy judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who has gained entrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman has disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. Bela, his servant, appears in a dying condition and prevents entrance to a secret door. Bela dies. The judge awakes. Miss Weeks explains to him what has occurred during his seizure. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the veiled woman, leaving his guarded house at night, he goes through Dark Hollow to the Claymore Inn to visit her.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Meanwhile Judge Ostrander was looking about him for Mrs. Yardley. The quiet figure of a squat little body blocked up a certain doorway. "I am looking for Mrs. Yardley," he ventured. The little figure turned; he was conscious of two very piercing eyes being raised to his, and heard in shaking accents, which yet were not the accents of weakness, the surprised ejaculation: "Judge Ostrander!"

Next minute they were together in a small room, with the door shut behind them. The energy and decision of this mite of a woman were surprising. "I was going—to you—in the morning," she panted in her excitement. "To apologize," she respectfully finished.

"Then," said he, "it was your child who visited my house today?" She nodded. Her large head was somewhat disproportioned to her short and stocky body. But her glance and manner were not unpleasing. There was a moment of silence which she hastened to break.

"Peggy is very young; it was not her fault. She is so young she doesn't know where she went. She was found hovering around the bridge—a dangerous place for a child, but we've been very busy all day—and she was found there and taken along by—the other person. I hope that you will excuse it, sir."

What he had to say came with a decided abruptness. "Who is the woman, Mrs. Yardley? That's what I have come to learn, and not to complain of your child."

The answer struck him very strangely, though he saw nothing to lead him to distrust her candor. "I don't know, Judge Ostrander. She calls herself Averill, but that doesn't make me sure of her. You wonder whom I have any doubts, but there are times when Mr. Yardley uses his own judgment, and this is one of the times. The woman pays well and promptly," she added in a lower tone. "Her status? Is she maid, wife or widow?"

"Oh, she says she is a widow, and I see every reason to believe her."

A slight grimace in her manner, the smallest possible edge to her voice, led the judge to remark:

"Pretty?"

"Not like a girl, sir. She's old enough to show fade; but I don't be-

"No, I'm not much used to walking. Besides, I have had a great loss today. My man, Bela—Then with his former abruptness: 'Have you no idea who this Mrs. Averill is, or why she broke into my house?'"

"There's but one explanation, sir. I've been thinking about it ever since I got wind of where she took my Peggy. The woman is not responsible. She has some sort of mania. Why else should she go into a strange gate just because she saw it open?"

"You speak of her as a stranger. Are you quite sure that she is a stranger to Shelby? You have not been so very many years here, and her constant wearing of a veil indoors and out is very suspicious."

"So I'm beginning to think. And there is something else, judge, which makes me suspect you may be quite correct about her not being an entire stranger here. She knows this house too well."

The judge started. The strength of his self-control had relaxed a bit, and he showed in the look he cast about him what it had cost him to enter these doors.

"It is not the same, of course," continued Mrs. Yardley, affected in a peculiar way by the glimpse she had caught of the other's emotion, unnatural and incomprehensible as it appeared to her. "The place has been greatly changed, but there is a certain portion of the old house left which only a person who knew it as it originally was would be apt to find; and yesterday, on going into one of these remote rooms I came upon her sitting in one of the windows looking out. How she got there or why she went I cannot tell you. She didn't choose to tell me, and I didn't ask. But I've not felt real easy about her since."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Yardley, it may be a matter of no moment, but do you mind telling me where this room is?"

"It's on the top floor, sir; and it looks out over the ravine. Perhaps she was spying out the path to your house."

The judge's face hardened. He felt baffled and greatly disturbed; but he spoke kindly enough when he again addressed Mrs. Yardley:

"I am as ignorant as you of this woman's personality and of her reasons for intruding into my presence this morning. But there is something so peculiar about this presumptuous attempt of hers at an interview that I feel impelled to inquire into it more fully, even if I have to approach the only source of information capable of giving me what I want—that is, herself. Mrs. Yardley, will you procure me an immediate interview with this woman? I am sure that you can be relied upon to do this and to do it with caution. You have the countenance of a woman unusually discreet."

The subtle flattery did its work. She was not blind to the fact that he had introduced it for that very purpose, but it was not in her nature to withstand any appeal from so exalted a source, however made. Lifting her eyes fearlessly to his, she responded earnestly:

"I am proud to serve you. I will see what I can do. Will you wait here?"

Judge Ostrander had just time to brace himself to meet the unknown when the door fell back and the woman of the morning appeared in the opening.

CHAPTER IV.

Unveiled.

On the instant he recognized that no common interview lay before him. She was still the mysterious stranger, and she still wore her veil—a fact all the more impressive that it was no longer the accompaniment of a hat, but flung freely over her bare head. He frowned as he met her eyes through this disguising gauze.

"This is very good of you, Judge Ostrander," she remarked, in a voice both cultured and pleasant. "I could hardly have hoped for this honor. Such consideration shown to a stranger argues a spirit of unusual kindness. Or perhaps I am mistaken in my supposition. Perhaps I am no stranger to you? Perhaps you know my name?"

"Averill? No."

She paused, showing her disappointment quite openly. Then drawing up a chair she leaned heavily on its back, saying in low, monotonous tones from which the former eager thrill had departed:

"I see that the intended marriage of your son has made very little impression upon you."

Aghast for the moment, this was such a different topic from the one he expected the judge regarded her in silence before remarking:

"I have known nothing of it. My son's concerns are no longer mine. If you have broken into my course of life for no other purpose than to discuss the affairs of Oliver Ostrander, I must beg of you to excuse me. I have nothing to say in his connection to you or to anyone."

"Is the breach between you so deep as that? I entreat—but no, you are a just man; I will rely upon your sense of right. If your son's happiness falls

to appeal to you, let that of a young and innocent girl, lovely as few are lovely, either in body or mind."

"Yourself, madam?"

No, my daughter! Oliver Ostrander has done us that honor, sir. He had every wish and had made every preparation to marry my child, when—Shall I go on?"

"You may."

It was shortly said, but a burden seemed to fall from her shoulders at its utterance. Her whole graceful form relaxed swiftly into its natural curves, and an atmosphere of charm from this moment enveloped her, which justified the description of Mrs. Yardley, even without a sight of the features she still kept hidden.

"I am a widow, sir." Thus she began with studied simplicity. "With my one child I have been living in Detroit these many years—ever since my husband's death, in fact. We are not unlike there, nor have we lacked respect. When some six months ago your son, who stands high in every one's regard, as befits his parentage and his varied talents, met my daughter and fell seriously in love with her, no one, so far as I know, criticized his taste or found fault with his choice. I thought my child safe. And she was safe, to all appearance, up to the very morning of her marriage—the marriage of which you say you had received no intimation though Oliver seems a very dutiful son."

"Madam!"—The hoarseness of his tone possibly increased its peremptory character—"I really must ask you to lay aside your veil."

It was a rebuke and she felt it to be so; but though she blushed from behind her veil, she did not remove it. "Pardon me," she begged, and very humbly, "but I cannot yet. Let me reveal my secret first. Judge Ostrander, the name under which I had lived in Detroit was not my real one. I had let him court and all but marry my daughter, without warning him in any way of what this deception on my part covered. But others—one other, I have reason now to believe—had detected my identity under the altered circumstances of my new life, and surprised him with the news at that late hour. We are—Judge Ostrander, you know who we are. This is not the first time you and I have seen each other face to face. And, lifting up a hand, trembling with emotion, she put aside her veil.

You recognize me?"

"Too well," the tone was deep with meaning, but there was no accusation in it; nor was there any note of relief. It was more as if some hope deeply, and perhaps unconsciously cherished, had suffered a sudden and complete extinction. "Put back your veil."

Trembling, she complied, murmuring as she fumbled with its folds:

"Disgrace to an Ostrander! I know that I was mad to risk it for a moment. Forgive me for the attempt, and listen to my errand. Oliver was willing to marry my child, even after he knew the shame it would entail. But Reuther would not accept the sacrifice. Judge Ostrander, I am not worthy of such a child, but such she is. If John—"

"We will not speak his name," broke in Judge Ostrander, assuming a peremptory bearing quite unlike his former one of dignified reserve. "I should like to hear, instead, your explanation of how my son became involved into an engagement of which you, if no one else, knew the preposterous nature."

"Judge Ostrander, you do right to blame me. I should never have given my consent, never. But I thought our past so completely hidden—our identity so entirely lost under the accepted name of Averill."

"You thought!" He towered over her in his anger. He looked and acted as in the old days, when witnesses covered under his eye and voice. "Say that you knew, madam; that you planned this unholy trap for my son."

"Judge Ostrander, I did not plan their meeting, nor did I at first encourage his addresses. Not till I saw the extent of their mutual attachment did I yield to the event and accept the consequences. But I was wrong, wholly wrong to allow him to visit her a second time; but now that the mischief is done—"

Judge Ostrander was not listening. "I have a question to put you," said he, when he realized that she had ceased speaking. "Oliver was never a fool. When he was told who your daughter was what did he say of the coincidence which made him the lover of the woman against whose father his father had uttered sentence of death? Didn't he marvel and call it extraordinary—the work of the devil?"

"Possibly; but if he did it was not in any conversation he had with me."

"And your daughter? Was he as close-mouthed in speaking of me to her as he was to you?"

"I have no doubt of it. Reuther betrays no knowledge of you or of your habits, and has never expressed but one curiosity in your regard. As you can imagine what that is, I will not mention it."

ened to much and can well listen to a little more."

"Judge, she is of a very affectionate nature, and her appreciation of your son's virtues is very great. Though her conception of yourself is naturally a very vague one, it is only to be expected that she should wonder how you could live so long without a visit from Oliver."

His lips took a strange twist. There was self-contempt in it, and some other very peculiar and contradictory emotion. But when this semblance of a smile had passed it was no longer Oliver's father she saw before her, but the county's judge. Even his tone partook of the change as he dryly remarked:

"What you have told me concerning your daughter and my son is very interesting. But it was not for the simple purpose of informing me that this untoward engagement was at an end that you came to Shelby. You have another purpose. What is it? I can remain with you just five minutes longer."

Five minutes! It only takes one to kill a hope, but five are far too few for the reconstruction of one. But she gave no sign of her secret doubts, as she plunked at once into her subject.

"I will be brief," said she; "as brief as any mother can be who is pleading for her daughter's life as well as happiness."



"I Can Well Listen to a Little More."

piness. Reuther has no real ailment, but her constitution is abnormally weak, and she will die of this grief if some miracle does not save her. Strong as her will is, determined as she is to do her duty at all cost, she has very little physical stamina. See! Here is her photograph, taken but a short time ago. Look at it, I beg. See what she was like when life was full of hope; and then imagine her with all hope eliminated."

"Excuse me. What use? I can do nothing. I am very sorry for the child, but—" His very attitude showed his disinclination to look at the picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Russian's Great Work.

A. A. Balakshin, a Russian, is at the head of the greatest farmers' union in the world, a most remarkable organization composed of the Russian peasantry covering a vast stretch of fertile land from the Ural mountains to the confines of Mongolia. The chief industry is butter making, and almost the entire output has found ready market in England. M. Balakshin assumed the task of organizing the farmers some years ago, and has succeeded to an extent not dreamed of at the beginning. He is regarded with loving reverence by the 300,000 souls to whose well being he has devoted his life, and by whom he is affectionately spoken of as "the little grandfather."

Social Insurance in Germany.

German statistics show that just before the war 14,500,000 persons were protected by compulsory sickness insurance, 24,600,000 by compulsory accident insurance, and 16,000,000 by old age and invalidity insurance, exclusive of several millions of salaried employees who were brought under compulsory insurance by recent legislation. This gives a rough idea of the all around security enjoyed by the average German workman in practically all industries and many of the trades of the empire.

Population of India.

The population of British India is given as 231,085,132. The figures are for some ten years ago, and it would not be far out of the way to put the present population at 235,000,000. One of the Indian princes recently declared that if called upon India could furnish an army of between seven and ten millions of men.

JOPLIN WOMAN IS RESTORED BY REMEDY

Mrs. Hillman Took Treatment Two Years Ago—Has Been Well Ever Since.

Mrs. Ida Hillman of Joplin suffered from stomach ailments for twelve years. She followed the advice of several expert physicians and took a great deal of medicine. Two years ago she discovered Mayr's Wonderful Remedy—and she has been well since. Mrs. Hillman took but a few doses. She writes:

"I suffered with stomach trouble almost twelve years. I tried many doctors, but received no help until, while in Cleveland, Ohio, I read your notice in a paper and concluded to try Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Since then I have felt like a new woman. I took only four bottles, but that was all that was needed to make me well. It has been almost two years and I have had no return of my trouble."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.—Adv.

Couldn't Part.

Louis Halle was a colonel on Governor Yates' staff, and in that capacity accompanied him to Washington to be a part of an inaugural parade. All the colonels had uniforms a plenty, but it was decided to rely upon the Washington supply of horses instead of taking the mounts along.

The governor sat on his horse awaiting the parade formation, and from time to time an orderly would gallop up with an official communication. On each occasion Colonel Halle was by his side. At last the governor observed:

"Colonel Halle, I see no necessity for your sticking to this orderly in the performance of his duties."

"There isn't any," admitted Halle. "But, you see, our horses are a life-long team."

BABY LOVES HIS BATH

With Cuticura Soap Because So Soothing When His Skin Is Hot.

These fragrant supercreamy emollients are a comfort to children. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itching, chafings, etc. Nothing more effective. May be used from the hour of birth, with absolute confidence.

Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Wise Fool.

One day Solomon and a fool were walking together.

"Solomon," said the fool, "why is it you never talk?"

"Fool," said Solomon, "that I may listen to other people's wisdom. And then after a pause, 'But why is it you always talk?'"

"That other people, I suppose," quoth the fool, "may listen to my wisdom."

Whereat Solomon held his tongue, and went home thoughtfully.

Misleading Advertisement.

Jonah Raged. "Yes, the brute advertised as a summer resort with an ocean view," he cried.

No girl should acquire a husband until she is able to convert a round steak into a square meal.

As a rule, when you do see a good man you see one who is as ugly as a mud fence.

Every married man has a mind of his own, but the title is seldom perfect.

Man subsists upon other animals—including other men.

Russian peasant women work in the fields with the men.

If you would remain a favorite never ask a favor.

Dead Cylinders! Smoky Puffs! Wear! Carbon!



Lubricating Troubles—and their cure!

The Standard Oil Company is making a motor oil that has done away with all common lubricating troubles.

Seven years ago their experts placed this new but tested oil on the market. 1,100 gallons were sold the first year. Then motorists found it out. 1909's demand was for 335,000 gallons—1910's was for 1,118,400. In 1914 nearly 7,000,000 gallons were used in the Middle West alone.

Polarine has gained in sales an average of a million gallons yearly simply because its use eliminated the annoyance and delays incident to unsatisfactory lubricating oils. Hundreds

Had Him Guessing. Walter Roberts, the theatrical man, is usually ready with a quick answer to any question that is put to him, but once upon a time he was clearly nonplussed. A woman had approached the ticket window and said: "I would very much like to know it the show which is now going on is moral and proper."

Walter cast a scrutinizing glance at his questioner, but that was all.

"Why don't you answer my question, young man?" demanded the lady at the window.

"Because, madam, frankly speaking," said Walter, hesitating, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without tripping a patron."—Louisville Times.

Sure Thing.

"What is your idea of a cinch?" "Betting that the long hand of a watch will get around first."

Somehow a man who doesn't know right from wrong nearly always does wrong.

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Permanent position, good wages. The work is that of making men's underwear on power machines. The goods are all accurately cut and the work is simply attaching the various pieces together. We guarantee your board while learning. Board in our modern Cambridge Court Cottages, \$2.50 per week. Call or write today.

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DAISY FLY KILLER. Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all house flies, mosquitoes, etc. Lasts all season. Made of natural, purest oil of turpentine, will not rot or stain. All dealers or send express paid for \$0.50. BAROLD SUMMER, 100 So. East Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and hence can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the scientific treatment for many kinds of skin troubles. Old Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Venereal Ulcers, Aches, Pains. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists or send. Will mail one if you write. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 318 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Tut's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unsurpassed by any ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.



A Too-Thick Oil! A Too-Thin Oil! A Non-Durable Oil! A Gritty Oil!

Lubricating Troubles—and their cure!

The Standard Oil Company is making a motor oil that has done away with all common lubricating troubles.

Seven years ago their experts placed this new but tested oil on the market. 1,100 gallons were sold the first year. Then motorists found it out. 1909's demand was for 335,000 gallons—1910's was for 1,118,400. In 1914 nearly 7,000,000 gallons were used in the Middle West alone.

Polarine has gained in sales an average of a million gallons yearly simply because its use eliminated the annoyance and delays incident to unsatisfactory lubricating oils. Hundreds

of thousands of good cars have been saved from the scrap heap by its use. Use it in your motor. See what it does. Polarine maintains the correct lubricating body at every motor speed and temperature. It is produced by experts, with the help of perfect facilities, in the largest plant of its kind in the world.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(AN INDIANA CORPORATION)
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Use RED CROWN GASOLINE. Extra Heat Units in Every Gallon Means Extra Power, Speed and Mileage.

Polarine



"Have You No Idea Who This Mrs. Averill Is?"

lieve that a man would mind that. She has a look—a way, that even women feel. You may judge, sir. If we, old stagers at the business, have been willing to take her in and keep her, at any price—a woman who won't show her face except to me, and who will not leave her room without her veil and then only for walks in places where no one else wants to go—she must have some queer sort of charm to overcome all scruples. But she's gone too far today. She shall leave me tomorrow. I promise you that, sir, whatever Samuel says. But sit down; sit down; you look tired, judge. Is there anything you would like? Shall I call Samuel?"